

## Waiting on a Friend by dustyirish

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Blood and Violence, Character Death In Dream, Dreams and Nightmares, F/M, M/M, Masturbation

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Jonathan Byers, Nancy Wheeler (mainly off-screen), Steve Harrington

**Relationships:** Jonathan Byers/Steve Harrington (eventual), Steve Harrington/Nancy Wheeler

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**Chapters:** 1

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**Summary:**

Steve Harrington's got the girl. He's got the hair. God knows, he's got the nightmares.

It's only now that he's beginning to wonder what he could possibly be missing.

## Waiting on a Friend

### Author's Note:

Hi all; this is my first work in this fandom and on this site.

I freely admit to having no idea what I'm doing. All I'm completely sure of is that this will end with Steve/Jonathan, and, knowing me, is bound to go into some absurdly goofy and confusing places along the way. I apologize in advance.

Rating will undoubtedly change to explicit as we go.

Title is pure Stones.

[illegible]

Steve Harrington woke on a ragged shout, bolting upright in the darkness of his bedroom.

In a just world, he'd be getting over the dreams by now ... or at least getting used to them.

Hawkins, Indiana was not that world; it had been seven months and the events were still thoroughly kicking his ass.

One way or another.

He covered his face with his hands and shook, teeth chattering, waiting to see if this was the time he would actually rattle himself apart.

Tonight, he'd been clumsy and slow with the bat. The Demogorgon had claimed its prey in a jet of blood, then had turned its focus on him. At that point, any normal person would be screaming and fleeing for safety. Not Dream-Steve; Dream-Steve was apparently a lover, not a fighter. He had dropped his weapon, lay down on the gore-flecked carpet and bared his neck to the monster. Part of him had been shit-scared as he felt the thing's breath on him, sure - but

only the primal, anything-to-stay-alive part. The rest of him had welcomed the monster's approach, because it had already taken everything that mattered.

Real-Steve sat in his bed, heart pounding, trying to get his crazy breathing down to a rate capable of sustaining consciousness. Whether he succeeded or not remained to be seen. On a few occasions he had experienced what he preferred to call 'weird-ass sideways slips' but had, in actuality, probably been good old fainting spells.

As awful as these current aftershocks were, however, the dreams where the monster won weren't the half of it.

Or, depending on your point of view, even the most disturbing.

Some nights, Steve dreamed what seemed like - on the surface of things - a much better scenario. In that scenario Steve took the motherfucker out with one massive swing; wham, bam, thank you, ma'am. It lay dead on the floor while Steve sat nearby, embracing the still-thankfully-alive body settled between his legs, murmuring soft, comforting words against terror-sweat soaked skin. Sometimes, at this point, there were gentle kisses. Sometimes, the kisses grew dirty and desperate. Sometimes, the kisses led to something else entirely.

Reality had, of course, been different. Steve's homemade weapon hadn't dealt a death-blow, the majority of blood had been from Demogorgon-baiting hand wounds, and there had definitely been no kisses happening. Gentle or otherwise.

One last, slightly more worrying difference : Nancy Wheeler - a.k.a. the lone female monster hunter, a.k.a. Steve Harrington's girlfriend - was nowhere to be found in the dreams.

The bad one or the good one.

In the dreams, it was Jonathan Byers being either viciously ripped apart or lovingly cradled in Steve's arms.

Steve, god help him, couldn't quite decide which was worse - the abject horror and brutal death of the first, or the raging and highly

confusing hard-on of the second.

Confusing it might be, but it was also impossible to ignore, and at those times Steve was helpless to do anything but reach beneath the covers and take care of business. Knees bent, hips slamming up, biting into his pillow to muffle his groans. And when he came hard enough to see stars, he would be resolutely thinking of nothing but a sweet hint of perfume and tits.

Awesome, womanly tits.

Steve wasn't the asshole that people (and yes, sometimes said people included himself) made him out to be. The fact that Byers was a guy was the least of it. Steve had jacked it to thoughts of dudes before, and Byers was better looking than most of them.

The sex stuff wasn't the problem. It was the intimacy that was messing with Steve's head.

Feelings he hadn't managed to achieve in half a year with Nancy were effortlessly felt after two seconds spent wrapped in Dream-Byers. A sense of rightness, calm, utter peace.

Now that Steve knew those things actually existed he was finding it harder and harder to live without them.

Steve, contrary to popular opinion, wasn't an idiot. Dreams were nothing more than a series of jumbled leftovers. And Jonathan Byers was nothing more than the guy he had once shared the most fucked up night of his life with. They weren't even friends, and the only time Byers had come close to touching him 'intimately' was to punch the living shit out of him.

Even if he could somehow get Byers to be with him (and Jesus, what insane alignment of the planets that might entail was beyond comprehension) there was no guarantee that it would be amazing. Or even good. Odds were much better of them killing each other than making some perfect Zen love match.

Besides, Steve had Nancy. Nancy was sweet and kind and, best of all, his.

Nancy was no figment of his overworked imagination.

But then Steve would remember the thumb thing, the one stupid thing that got to him above all others, the one thing that sent a feeling shooting through him that he still didn't have a name for.

He'd be holding Byers from behind, head on his shoulder, arms wrapped around his chest, just still and quiet, and Byers would reach up, loosely wrapping his fingers around Steve's wrist. And then he'd let his thumb trail across the delicate skin there.

That was it. A simple touch, a faint sliding of flesh. Nothing and everything.

Steve would think about that touch, usually at the worst possible times. His chest would tighten with that unnameable sensation and his cock would throb with an all-too-nameable one. He'd be forced to ride it out, wherever he was, afraid to move for fear of bursting into tears or coming in his pants.

Quite possibly both.

He'd considered asking Nancy to do it, to see if it would have the same effect. Ultimately, he'd decided against it. Not so much because she'd ask too many questions or think he'd lost his mind, but because he was afraid some part of him would hold it against her when it didn't work.

In Steve's bed, trembling and horror were finally being overtaken by exhaustion.

The dreams would come back, it was inevitable. And as Steve drifted towards sleep, he couldn't help but wonder which would get him in the end.

The one he was terrified he would never escape or the one where escape was becoming something to fear.